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BRITANNIA INVICTA:

OR

BRITAIN'S APOLOGY.

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P O E M.

O & Præsidium & dulce Decus meum. Hor.

By W. R. M. D. R.

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LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBINSON, at the Golden Lion, in Ludgate-Street.

M DCC XLV.

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O & P. Robinson & Co. Deane Street, London.

By W. R. M. D. R.



Printed for J. Robinson, 15, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.
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What a Height, O BRITAIN, grew thy Fame,
When Nations round experienc'd THEE
SUPREME,
When PRINCES did, e'en Kingdoms in their State, as
In panick Fears thy Resolutions wait;
Transported to thy Touch-stone, there Essay'd,
And Value found as in thy BALLANCE weigh'd,
Motes in the Sun of thy Transcendence tofs'd,
Seen by thy Light in thy With-drawings lost!

Methinks thine Eyes a gloomy *Aspect* wear,
 And FILMS on those once splendid ORBS appear;
 The Pow'rs around oppose their POLICY,
 Short of the usual *Deference* to THEE:
 One, to oppress the long Oppress'd, aspires,
 And *Foe to Peace*, foment the *dying Fires*.
 The *Gallick Tyrant* nulls the *sacred Seals*,
 Passeth his *Confines*, and thro' *Kingdoms* swells;
 STATES, well as mighty *Empires*, unappal'd,
 As tho' thy BOMBS were not, or *Powder* fail'd,
Mines of thy *Treasure* infinitely flow,
 And not a *single Enemy* doth bow:
 How gay did once the *lucid Fluids* swim,
 Beneath their well turn'd *Arches*! now bow: *dim!*

Yet chear, (*thou Queen of Isles*) this *cloudy Cause*
 Is but to try the *Vertue* of thy *Laws*;
 Thro' these *Afflictions* *Thou* shalt vault the *Skies*,
 And as a *Palm* depress'd, the higher rise:
 When late thy *brilliant Charms* felt total *Shade*,
 How soon again the *dark'ned Beams* display'd,
 When *Hope* (*that antient Nurse* of *Miseries*)
Oppos'd to *Hope*, reveal'd her dusky *Eyes*,
 When *Struggles* vain, and *imminent thy Fall*,
 How flew the *Gates of Heav'n's high Arsenal*?
 So *Iris* that a driving *Season* bodes,
 Her awful *Arch* erects across the *Clouds*!
 Tho' *Babel* strides *Coloss!* that sacred *Weight*
 Which wont their *Motions* give to every *State*,
 E'en now can *Nations* crush, and *haughtiest Crown*,
 In *Deluges* of its just *Vengeance* drown.

Thy *Sire* inthron'd, from that *Sublimity*,
 Shall yearning look upon, *and pity Thee*,
 Thy chōsen *Trust* shall all their *Powr's* employ,
Lodge with Thee in the *Night* and *watch by Day*.

NATURE, *thy Mother*, sits with *open Breast*,
 To *cherish Thee* and all her *Sons* oppress'd;
 BEHOLD! the *Bulwarks* with *Vesuvian Train*,
 That from their rocky *Summits* watch the *Main*,
 Their *Bases* rooted in th' alternate *Sea*,
 Were from the *World's Foundations laid for Thee!*

BEHOLD! the floating *Groves*, that tow'ring grace
 NEPTUNE his fluid *THRONE*, for *Royal Chace*,
 Prompt *Thunder-bolts* to hurl, or *Light'nings* send,
 Furnish'd or *War to make*, or *War to end!*

Lo! FAME from *Perch-marine* the *Trumpet* sounds,
 FIRE in their *Blood*, and *Glory* in their *Wounds*,
 Dealing their *martial Souls* a several *Wreath*,
 Who shot with *British Shouts* the *Gulph* of *Death*.

The *Winds* thy *Orders* wait in solemn *Form*,
 To waft the *News* of fresh approaching *Storm*,
Zephyr's soft *Airs* retire, whilst *Neptune* frowns,
 At least *Delay* to vindicate thy *Crowns*.

HAIL! *noble Senate*, where our *All's* at *Stake*,
 ILLUSTRIOUS *TUBES* thro' whom the *Publick* speak;
 O MATCHLESS *STATES*! O *amiable Trine*!
 Now as in past, and glorious *Annals*, shine,
 May not an *Orb* i'th' *Constellation* move,
 EXCENTRIC of *Britannia's* steadfast *Love*;

A close *Conspiracy* attack her *Charms*
 And *Shield* that spotless *Breast* from all *Alarms*
 May *Guards* divine your *Orient Bodies* meet,
 Drop balmy *Dew* and shed *diffusive Sweet*
 Inspire your *ductile Souls* yet more t'achieve,
 And *double Portions* of the *Patriot* give;
 Watch o'er your *Hearts*, your *Tongues* their lofty
Strains,
 And doubly watch the first-rate *Eloquence*:
 Plant in the midst of *You* his sacred *Bust*
 Who ne'er his *Country* ey'd, unhir'd with *Lust*!
 That *fragrant Rose*, whose *Life* the *Fates* beset,
 Lest so sublim'd, *Himself* He should forget,
 He that unblemish'd honoured the *Grave*,
 And like a *Rock* receiv'd the dashing *Wave*:

Thus

Thus *O* you *Candidates* for blest Abode,
 And roral *Effluence* from the *Mouth* of *God*;
 Thus will you have to enjoy a *calm Review*,
 Nor *Rocks*, nor *Caves* shall wooe to cover you.
Vertue, low prized here, will gayly bloom,
 When *You* your plain-wrought *Mantles* shall resume
 To a *Creation* more than *Human*, rise,
 Your *Titler Love*, the *Truth* that never dyes.
Incense shall then in *fragrant Volumes* rise,
 And *Heav'n* well pleas'd, accept the *Sacrifice*,
Patricial Auræ from your *Altars* breath,
 Blest *Frankincense* above, choice *Myrrh* beneath;
lo's in constant *Undulation* flow
 From *You* to *Palace*, from your *Prince* to *You*:
Europe once more the mighty *Magnet* sing,
 And honoured *Crowns* to its *Attraction* spring;

Tyrants themselves the sweet *Contagion* draw,
 And meliorate their *Conduct* by your *Law*:
 Your *Sun* dart forth the *Flux* of former *Rays*,
 And *Vision* shrink at the unclouded *Blaze*!
 The *Lyones*s cease roar, the *Cock* to crow,
 Whilst sceptred *Realms* unfought your *Friendship* woo,
Traffick alternate skip upon the *Seas*,
 And *Crowds* of *Jason*'s fetch the *Golden Fleece*;
 Draughts on indebted *Nations* shall be drawn,
 Witness'd by *Lords*, back'd by the sacred *Law*:
 Lives Blood reflow into your *Treasury*,
 Fast as the lifting *Winds* unseen convey.

HAIL! ye learn'd *Members* of the privy *Choir*,
 Who round the *Sun* as other *Suns* appear,
 May you in *Council* MAJESTY advise

As *Nature* steady clear as cloudless *Skies*

Then shall *Hispania's Plumes* drop with the *Gaul*,
 And like the whiffling *Leaves* of *Autumn* fall:
 Offending *Empires* deprecate their *Doom*,
 And *Lady* of the *North* invited come:
 Pour forth her *Legions* in a dread *Array*,
 And *Terrour* strike on *Earth*, as *Thou* on *Sea*:
 Just *Ferment* in the *fluid Bodies* raise,
 To work clean *Spirits*, and a lasting *Peace*;
 Then (*O thou Antipode* to *Tyranny*)
 Encroaching *Kings* shall ask their *Bounds* of *Thee*.
Phæbus shall rise just *Witness* o're the *Main*,
 Setting, tell foreign *Thrones* the *dreadful Scene*,
 And rising, shine in *Judgment* just again.

Destruction then shall *Pegasean* ride,
 Wide open, as resistless *Torrent* wide;

Tides of o'reflowing *Fortitude* immerge,
 The proudest *Castles* in *diluvian* *Surge*,
Mouths in their nitrous *Fury* shall inlarge,
 And charg'd with *Britain's* high *Commands* discharge
Vengeance divine, whose *Claim* is to repay,
 Shall thro' thy *martial Veins* make *solemn Way*,
Nature a tender *Thought* suspend, still all
 Th' insulting *Monarchs* for *Remission* call;
Grim Furies lawless stalk their *Countries* round,
 And raze *Imperial Glories* to the *Ground*,
Void of the *secret Punctures* of the *Mind*,
 In *Ruin* wanton, snuff the blasting *Wind*,
 Unquenchable their *Ardour*, spread abroad
 The wing'd *Proscriptions* of an angry *God*!
 Thy *Foes* shall drop their *Arms* on Earth's wide *Floor*,
 In *Tears* of *Blood* bewail th' *unhappy Hour*,

Excluded all *Appeal*, confus'd retire,

As from the dreadful *Sparks* of *final Fire*.

And now bethink (*O thirsty Kings*) whilst you
 The *Tracts* of *Blood*, and *Horror*, thus pursue,
 Bethink how oft you've teaz'd this *patient Isle*,
 Ply'd *Arts* *athletick*, yet receiv'd the *Foil*,
 Forc'd her from out her *Ports* and peaceful *Shore*,
 To wield her *Arms*, and make her *Cannon* roar,
 The *noble*, *brave*, and *generous* you have;
 But what's their generous *Recompence*? a *Grave*;
 An abrupt *Passage* to a certain *Doom*,
 Without the *Curtain's* decent *Shade* at *Home*:
 Without the *Process* of a solemn *Leave*,
 When *Vision's* drown'd, and *Hearts* their *Mountains* bear
Familiars join in *Tragic Unison*,
 The tender *Issues* *Gries*, and *Mothers* *Groan*!

Barr'd the Monition of a *faithful Friend*,
 That *Balsam* to the *Soul* in *latter End*,
 The useful *Lab'rings* of a *morbid Blood*,
 No mean *Provision* on the *heavenly Road*,
 And oft the *Room* for an *important Tear*,
 Such *Interjection* 'twixt her *God* and *Her*,
 That haply, when *Physician* calls too late,
 Springs in the *Dust*, and scales the *Mercy-Seat*!

Think you (Most Christian) this is *Charity*,
 Or *you (Most Catholick)* these the *Laws on High*:
 Or *you (Death's Aid de Camp)* that knee-deep stood,
 Whose *Altar's French*, and *Incense*, burning *Blood*?
 May you not on the *Rocks*, and *Mountains* call,
 At the great *Audit*, as the *Cause of all*:
 The *Tyrian Purple* spilt, as *Royal clear*,
 Their *Blood* as *balmy*, and their *Souls* as *dear*?

That *Throne* alone is just, whose *Self-Defence*,
Th' *Oppressor* meets and *Violence* restrains.

O that all *Kings* would as the *King of Kings*,
Hail! Peace to *Men*, and all sublunar *Things*,
Their *Edicts* issue, and their *Scepters* move,
In *Truth*, and *Justice*, *Liberty*, and *Love*,
Allude on *Earth* to the *divine Abodes*,
And that exalted *Phrase* (I've said y'are *Gods*)
Each to his *Heart*, apply the *Palms* and say:
By *him* the *Worlds* were made, may we destroy?
'Gainst *Faith* prepenfely draw the *murdring Blade*,
And ask without a *Blush* for *heav'nly Aid*?
Vice-gerence boast upon a *bloody Throne*,
When *He's* with *Mercy* girt as with a *Zone*?
Hold *Precepts Evangelick*, when the *Dove*,
Circle describes of a *vicinial Love*?

Masking for Truth a complicated Fraud,
Insult each Glory that surrounds the God,
Dare we divide that most stupendous Whole,
The unfathomable Union of the Soul!
Glutting with human Streams the thirsty Plains,
Affront the Giver of descending Rains,
And for that trifling Toy, a false Renown,
Fast as the Walls of Nature rise, pull down?

For ALBION would that all the *Discords* cease,
 And not a *Scepter* sway'd, save that of *Peace*,
 Whose *Flames* without the Aid of *Nitre* burn,
 And rise *Seraphic* from their holy *URN*:
 Upon whose *Maker* He that deign'd to bow,
 One of his thrice blest *Blessings* did bestow,
 With *Clio*, and the *Sisters*, pass her *Days*,
 Who dwell in *Meads*, and bask in *Phæbus*'s *Ray*s,

To cooling *Grotes* retire, or milder *Grove*,
 Receptacles of *Bliss* and Arks of *Love*,
 Drop their sweet *Influence* on the softest *Theme*,
 From *Aganippe's* Spring its *Chrystal Stream*,
 Lean on her lovely, that *enamouring Breast*,
 And typify an *Everlasting Rest*,
 Where *Ceres* sits abundant with her *Horn*,
 And where the Smiles of artless *Babes* adorn,
 Where Life's balsamick Rills no *Tempest* know,
 But thro' their *Nile* in equal *Pulses* flow,
 Where *Beauty* that an *Emma* scorns to boast,
 Strikes *Corydon*, and obviates not -- a *Lust*,
 Where tow'ring *Pines* inosculate the *Skies*,
 And various *Bloom* with beauteous *Iris* vies.
Aurora's Blush gilds *Mountains* well as *Plains*,
 (*Blush* not so deep as o'er the reeking *Veins*)
 There finny Shoals spermatick take the *Rock*;

Here *Sylvan Warblers* pour their *Author's Praise*,
 And there the *Lark's* extended *Throat* obeys,
 Whilst *Gallick Crests* (untaught t'each other wound)
 Salute the *Dawn*, and mutual *Clarions* sound,
 Where all inferior *Classes* need no *Rein*,
 To check their *Pride*, or spur their *Goal* to gain,
 When watchful *Damon*, and his fleecy *Care*
 Add to the *Prospect* that disclaims all *War*.

This *ALBION* would -----
 Would that the verdant *Blades*, and tender *Reeds*,
 Feel genial *Fire*, uncrush'd by fiery *Steeds*,
Spears thick as falling *Hail* to th' *Reaper's Bow*,
 And such *Virgilian Armies* stand *Review*,
 Toast lab'ring *Hinds* hail *Exit* in the *Morn*,
 And doubly toast t'each *Spouse* a hail *Return*.
 The *Cymbal* Sound of *Competition* lose,

Transcript of Pow'r divine is pleas'd to give,
 Her *Foes* repentant Time, and -- let them live.
 Until *Cyclopean* grown, they *climb* the *Sky*,
 And blasphemous amidst her *Thunders* die,
True Love in *Her*, *Love* universal reigns,
 Not *She*, but pale-fac'd *Envy* breaks the Chains,
 Till then her *Castles* rest, and *Sails* are furl'd,
 Then 'tis her *Peals* convulse the ambient *World*!

HAIL! *Sovereign* o'er our *Hearts*, indulgent, just,
 On *Thee* we all depend, in *Thee* we trust,
 On thy right *Arm*, in that *Basilick Vein*,
 That cropp'd the *Household Flowers* at *Dettingen*.
 The *Laurel* is in view, that very *Tree*,
 Whence *George* first pluck'd, and *Leaves* are left for
 Thee!
 Thy *filial Branch*, who rode the *martial Road*,

But now comes on a *most ungrateful Theme*,
Lo! the *Pretender* to thy *Diadem*,
Hath madly taken round thy *Coasts* a *Flight*,
And dar'd upon the darker *Spot* t'alight.
The *Dupe* patch'd up with *Masses*, *Bulls*, and *Beads*,
High *Treason* draws, and on *Rebellion* feeds.
Yet, *Sacred Sire*, to check the growing *Brood*,
The *Spartan Youth* make *Tender* of their *Blood*.
Britons shall on their *Guard* as *Danger* rolls,
Arm in their *Hearts*, and rally in their *Souls*;
Lives wrapt in *Fortunes* shall secure thy *Race*,
Tho' thro' *Affliction's Furnace* call'd to pass,
Thee on the *Throne*, and from the *Tower* the *Lawn*,
Tho' thro' th' *Alembick* of *Distresses* drawn;
The *Church* records her *Wrongs*, and that *Arrest*,
As *Rachel's Issue* from her injur'd *Breast*!
Behold the *Sword* of *Europe's* mightiest *Seat*,

Behold the *Tyrian Sons* address *thy Throne*,
 In *Loyalty* and in *Affection*, *One* !
 Springs ever in their *Souls* now rise the *higher*,
 To quench the hellish *Flames* of *Papal Fire*.
 O *Sight* expressive of *divinest Charms*,
 To see such *Sons* so clasp their *Father's Arms* !
 Is the *Divider* always to *divide* ?
 No ; the top *Tiere* is taken from her *Pride*,
 The *Austrian Son* at length has check'd her *Mirth*,
 Born thro' the *Pangs* of præternat'ral *Birth*.
 THOU, the World's *Royal Beacon* ! for whose *Rays*,
Kings in *Quaternian* us'd agast to gaze !
 Lost in the midst of *Rocks*, and *Sands*, 'till thy
 Next to *Almighty Presence* yielded *Joy*,
 Wilt doubtless on thy *antient Honour stand*,
 And fix *indelibly* some deeper *Brand*,
 Rise in the *Glory* of thy *flaming Sword*

Since just *Remonstrances*, do fruitless prove,
 In *Thunder* speak, and rob'd, in *Lightnings* move.
 May *Rowly* call t'Account the *Spanish Knaves*,
 Storming the *Stygian Foe*, thro' brinded *Waves*,
 Restore to injur'd *Truth* the *Merchants* Sheaves,
 And all thy *Admirals* 'fore faithless *Towns*,
 Reflect the *Blaze* emanent from thy *CROWNS*.

So 'midst the gath'ring *Clouds* that crowd the *Air*,
 When *Tempests* wage an *Elemental War*,
 The *East*, *South*, *West*, and boisterous *Boreas* vie,
 And all the *Points* against each other fly,
 'Till by Superiour *HAND* the *Storms* are hush'd,
 By *Lightnings*, and by dreadful *Thunders* crush'd!